The Hunted Hunter

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The Hunted Hunter

by Light_of_Lilith

Summary

What if the Monsters lurking in the dark are real?
Will is one of these monsters and so is Hannibal. This is a story on how these to monsters meet.
Hannibal is too arrogant for his own good. Time to take him down a peck.

Notes

I hope you enjoy this story. It`s my first try on this couple.

Please Help! I am in need of a beta reader.
My first language is not English so I would need someone to read over this story and tell me where I go wrong. I would also appreciate it if you can give some input on the story line. Sometime my brain is faster than my writing. ^

Prolog

Chapter 1

The morning mist laid thick on the Fields. Illuminated by the morning sun a lone figure stalked over the dirt. There was no bird singing to be heard. They acknowledge the superior predator stalking the lands.

Blood was dripping from the long claws. The creature was hideous. Black skin stretched over a bony frame. Long extremities and glowing golden eyes in the middle of a long face with razor sharp teeth. On its head sat two small antlers. Everybody who would have seen the creature would have run screaming.

With every stride it came closer to a lone house standing in the middle of nowhere. A barn stood next to the house and as the sun was setting the porch was immersed in the golden light. If one listen closely one would hear small whimpers of several animals.

As the creature stalked closer its form started to shift. The long arms and legs shortened. The black retreated until only pink skin was to be seen. Bones started cracking and shifting underneath the skin.

When the creature arrived at the lone house there no longer was a creature. It was now a human man. The man strolled to the hose attached to the barn. He turned on the water and started washing himself down. As the water left his frame it showed a light pink colour.

The beast turned man walked inside the house. As he went inside, he was greeted with the sight of dogs trying to get to him. The canines wagged their tails exited to see their owner.

The Man stood a moment to look at his reflection in the small mirror next to the entrance. His curly brown hair looked dishevelled. The eyes sill held a lingering golden colour. He started walking to his bathroom readying himself to start his day.

After he closed his last button, he grabbed his keys and his badge leaving in the direction of an old car. Passing by an even older mailbox. After surviving many different owners it now showed the name William Graham.

Prelude

Chapter Notes

Here is the next chapter I hope you enjoy.
Sadly, still no meeting between the main characters but I promise it will be in the next chapter.

Chapter 2

Even without the good hearing his other self-provided him with he could hear the sirens. The first thing he saw as he arrived at his destination was a mixture of onlookers, police, and media. In between the people the yellow crime scene tape blinked trough.

It was a cold autumn morning. The sun already high enough to turn off the streetlights but not power full enough to heat up the street. The Police man standing around all had visible touch as they were talking to the onlookers. The sounds of the city intensified each minute, and it would be only a matter of time before everyone in the city caught wind of the newest murder.

The crime scene was located at a local art gallery. As Will walked inside he could hear Jack barking orders. This itself wasn't concerning as he always seemed to raise in volume when he wanted to achieve something no matter how impossible it was.

As usual in art galleries one could see paintings located in the windows and on some of the walls. The last exhibition seemed to have ended, so some of the walls showed nothing. The Gallery was mostly used from local artists. Often it was their first step into the Art World. It was around for two generations already and well-known all-around Baltimore. The new owner was a middle-aged woman often to be seen on social media or the newspaper.

As Will drew nearer the stench of blood became stronger. When he walked around the next white wall, he could finally see what was located in the back. The scene was horrifying yet strangely enticing. A man was standing in front of a canvas. His skin was missing but he stood upright one hand on his chin.

The figure was missing both his eyes and his innards. Only to find them on the canvas on the wall right in front of him. The Canvas was hung in his direct sight, his own eyes looking back at him. His colon winded in waves around the surface. Located in the riff in the middle of the canvas some of his organs could be seen.

“Will finally! What took you so long”, Jack asked to his right.

“Traffic”, he replied shortly. Will stared walking in the direction of the display again.

Behind him he could hear the voice of Jack telling the others to give him some space. Will closed his eyes and the pendulum swung. As he opened his eyes again everything became clearer. He could feel the killer. No signs of a break in showed that he knew what he was doing. His steps never faltered. He knew he had the time to prepare everything for it to be as he intended. He was methodical and precise everything had to be as he envisioned it. As Will looked to the Victim he could see his suffering. He was skinned when he was still alive. The blood pumping out of his body probably killed him at last. The blood would be in the way of the display, so it had to go.

The Killer had no pity on the victim. For him this person was no person he was nothing but a pig to be slaughtered for his art. Suddenly Wills brain was filled with pictures of previous murder cases. He saw himself standing in his classroom talking to his students and he knew.

Will closed his eyes again. A faint scent drifting over to him. As he inhaled, he stopped. His eyes started to burn the right golden colour of his beastlier self. His breath came short, and his mouth watered. An Alpha in Baltimore. One of his kind. This was extraordinary.

He became aware of Jack hovering in the Back and tried to reign in his senses but couldn’t. Will turned on his heel and stormed out. He knew the FBI man would follow him, but he needed fresh air to clear his mind of the scent.

“WILL!”, Jack shouted after him.

He turned around the next corner and stopped.

“Will what did you see?”, was the first question. Will closed his eyes and answered.

“The Ripper.”

Acquaintance

Chapter Notes

Finally, they meet. I am so excited.
Please tell me what you think 😊

Chapter 3

When Will dropped the bomb on Jack, at first nothing happened. Jack became very quiet. It almost seemed as if he was turned to stone. If Will would have looked in his eyes, he would have seen a multitude of emotions running across. To have the Ripper back meant a second chance to catch him. Jack thought about Miriam Lass and all the other victims of the Ripper. He would not let this chance slip through his fingers. After a minute Jack straighten his back.

“Are you absolutely sure? You haven’t been on the case the last time.”

“Yes, I teach on him in my classes. I´m sure.”

“Ok”, Jack said and turned. When Will opened his eyes all he could see was the last of Jacks coat. The gold of his eyes had withdrawn.

He turned his back to the wall and closed his eyes again. From afar he could hear Jack again. Now positively screaming at whoever. Will tried to block out the noises. His head still spinning.

An Alpha in Baltimore. It should annoy him but all he could feel was a shiver running down his spine. He needed time to think this trough. It was indeed a big deal. There where not many of his

kind left on this earth. His kind was not the common Monster. Vampires, Wolves and even Witches were all much more common and only one off these had the same dynamics as his kind. Even though Werewolves shared the same dynamics as Wendigos they are inferior.

While turned they lost parts of their rational mind while his own cleared. Many had told him to just pick from the available, but they could never satisfy him. Some had tried and lost their lives. An Alpha could maybe live with a lesser mate but not an omega. He needed someone at least on his own level. Reproduction with a mate was harsh. In heat he would transform and everything lesser than him would be food.

To think that he was here before Will and he never even suspected that this Killer was a Wendigo. He read about him. The Chesapeake ripper had always been interesting for Will. His work was one of a kind and so precise. It was not only a murder with blood and gore, no he was an artist.

Not for the first time Will asked himself what could urge the Killer to do as he did. Every time one question was answered another arises.

“Will, I need you to tell me what you saw”, Jack said coming back to his side.

“Jack…” he started but was rudely interrupted.

“I know how you work, and you know the profile we have on the Ripper. I need you to tell me something we don’t know.” Will swallowed a sight.

“He doesn’t see them as humans. To him they´re Pigs. He has no pity for them. All that counts for him is his art. He sees himself as more than them.”

“We know all that already but what more…”

“He eats them. The organs that are missing. He eats them.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, for him the victims are nothing more than pigs so when he slaughters them, he does what every good butcher does. He uses all the parts. The Parts that he does not need for his art, he keeps for eating. To him they are just herd cattle”

“Thank you Will”, Jack said and ran off again. Will told Beverly that he would be leaving and then got into his car without looking back.

This new development left Will restless for the next couple of days. Not just the Fact thath the Chesapeake Rippe was an Alpha Wendigo, no he also lived here for years. They never met and Will never heard from anyone about this.

This would just not do. On day three Will had enough an decided to visit an old alley. He met the witch many years ago during his last stay on the atlantic coast. She helped him to take care of a unzivilised Pack of Ghouls. Last that he knew was that she is know a writer who just lost husband number three.

He entered her house in the evening. He knocked but it seemed that she went out propable to searche for husband number four. Many things had changed over the years. Her hair was now a rich brown colour. When he met her she had red hair and looked around 30 years, now however she had many wrinkels in her face. Sooner or later she had to prepare for a new identity. You could only live so long until people started talking.

Her home was filled with gold decoration and old furniture. No doubt something she kept for quite a while. It is difficult to change ones preference. She wasn't the only one who had troubles parting with the old ways and embracing the new century.

Will sat down in an old armchair propobly early 18. Hundreds if he would guess. He had left his phone at home and the car was parked three streets away just in case. While he waited the curiosity almos ate him alive. What could be a reason his old friend would not tell him about the new creatur?

Almos two hours later the door finally opened and Aethel came into view.

"Hello" Will greeted politly.

"Hello William, great to see you. What allowes me the pleasure?" she replied calmly.

"I see you havent lost your touch." He smiled.

"You didn't do anything to hide you presence from me. You knew that I wouldn't leave my home without some kind of security. "

"Indeet. I am here to ask you what you know about another one of my kind in the city." He stood and walked over to the decorations.

"So you noticed." Will could hear her smile. It shouldn't have supriced him.

"I would have thought you would inform me about something so important. Especially when I told you I would move back here."

"I´m sorry dear but you know best that your kind can be quite something. Especially someone as percurliar as Dr. Hannibal Lecter." She replied smiling mildly.

"So his name is Hannibal. What kind of doctor is he?"

"psychiatrist but to my knowledge he was a surgeon bevor that."

"Thank you, and now that we have established that you know him, how about telling me everything Aethel?"

"Oh honey I don't go by this old fashioned name anymore. Please call me Alice the name is much more in fashion nowadays. Whats more how about you meet the good Doctor?" she touched his shoulder.

"Well Alice as temping as that is, we both know that I will not meet a strange Alpha without knowing more. Back to the most interesting question if he is so percurliar why not mention him to me? " he said smiling while taking her hand.

“Because my dear when he arrived I didn’t know what he was. As you are well aware my senses are not as sharp as yours.”

“Yes but why not tell me later?”

“To be honest, I am quite curios about what will happen between you two. I didn’t think you would mind. Your kind is by no means widspread and he is special.”

“How?” Will asked suspicious.

“Hannibal is as someone has informed me. Turned not born.” This was indeed very interesting news to Will. The reason why Wendigos are not as common anymore is that most were born. Wendigos did not just reproduce with anyone and even if they had a mate children are often just not concived. Difficulties arrised also due to the fact that it was not easy to be turned. The requirement were almost never fullfilled. For this man to have done what he did made him even more interesting and dangerous.

“Really interesting. Then tell me my dear why are you telling me this now? What do you want?”

“Thank you for asking. You know that I would never want us to be on bad terms and if this would become something you would need my help with, I would be glad to help you. But, if you and Hannibal would be compatible and it would result in more. Than there is something I am in need of for one off my littele magic tricks.” She looked at him from under her lids and put her hands on his chest.

“So that is your reason. You wanted me to come here so that with any luck this Doctor and I could give you something. You really havent changed at all.”

“Oh don’t be mad at me. Please take a look at him and tell me that you would want nothing to do with him. Then I will do everything to make it up to you.”

“Ok lets make a deal. If we are compatible, there will be no consequences. But if I have a difficult time because of this you have to help me with a little soemthing. Would that be amainable?”

“Yes definitely. If you need any help with him let me know.”

“With pleasure.”

“Now If you don’t mind.” She turned her back at him and started walking in the direction of the entrance.

"Of course not thank you for the hospitality. See you next time. Oh and please do me another favor. Don’t tell him about me. I would like to have the upper hand here.”

“With pleasure. Hannibal is too serious it would do him good. Have a lovley night my dear.”

“Thank you. See you next time.” As Will walked out he thought about how he would kill the witch.

Will did a little researche on Dr. Lecter and was impressed with what he found. This however didn't mean a thing if he was disgusting in reallity.

To his luck Jack gave him the perfect oportunity to meet Dr. Lecter. On Thursday Jack told Will to meet him at the office of one Dr. Hannibal Lecter to ask him for counsultation on the case. Will imagened Jacks face when he figured out that he ask the man who comitted the crimes to assist.

The brunette met Jack 5 Minutes before the appointed time. The office was located in one of the nicest parts of the city and looked sophisticated. As they walked upstairs Will recognised the scent of expensive cognac, bergamot and dark choclolate. It was the same scent he had recognised in the previews crime scene.

Will could feel the burning of his eyes. The last time he had met an Wendigo Alpha was decades ago. He had almost forgotten how powerfull it was but he was never as compatible with another as he was with this men. He could feel himself starting to sweat.

When they arrived at the door that had the doctors name on it Jack entered without so much as knocking. In the reception room everything was so well placed that it was save to assume it for the work of a professional. Will was impressed with the amount of time the doctor had to have spent. He himself never carried much with him. Will only stayed for a couple of years in one location bevor he moved on.

The door on the other side of the room opened and a man in his early fourties came out. He was handsome and well dressed. His suit had a nice dark brown colour and his tie had the colour of deep red wine. A strong wave hit Will with the scent of the other man.

The blue eyed FBI consultant was never happier about Jacks all consuming behaviour.

"Dr. Lecter nice to see you again. Thank you for making time for us."

"Nice to see you too Jack and this must be Mr. Graham." Both man shaked hands bevor turning to Will. This gave him just enough time to controll himself.

"Nice to meet you Dr. Lecter." Will said as it was expected of him. He made sure as not to looke the other man in the eyes to afraid of what they would show.

Hannibal made a step to the side and gestured them inside his office. Jack of course walked inside first. Jack didn't waste a minute. They are not even sitting when Jack started to talk to Hannibal about the new development on the case. The Doctor must have received the case files in advance.

"So you thing the Ripper is a Cannibal?" Hannibal askes looking directly at Will.

"I thing he doesn't see them as someone of the same species. For him it isn´t Cannibalism."

"Interessting. How do you think this new development will help in the investigation?"

"Hannibal we don't know much about the Ripper. We have no connection between the victims. All his Victims had different jobs, hair colour, gender and even residential areas. He picks them up everywhere in the city and was never seen." Jacks tone spoke volumes. Will knew how much it annoyed Jack but it was also interessting. Will himself mostly killed those he deemed as worthless for the community. Therefore it rapt him to know how Hannibal picked his.

Suddenly Jacks mobile phone strated ringing. Without a thougt he looked at it and Will could smell a sharp spike in Hannibals scent. The doctor was annoyed.

“What is it Jack?” The brunette asked.

“Freddy Lounds just posted pictures of the crime scene on Tattle Crime. One of the Police Officers that were first on the scene took pictures of the victims and sent it.” He explained calmly.

“Tastles”, Will said.

“Do you have trouble with taste?”, Dr. Lector asked.

“My thoughts are often not tasty.”

“Nor are mine.” He said then he added smiling “No effective barriers”

“Oh I build forts.” Will explained.

“Associations come quickly”

“So do forts.”

“Not fond of eye contact are you?” Hannibal looked at Will. The blue eyed Omega swallowed and raised his gaze. He hoped the gold would not be noticeable.

“Ah.. Eyes are distracting. You see to much. You don’t see enough. And it is hard to focus when yours thinking ‘oh those whites are really white’ or ‘He must have hepatitis’ or ‘Is that a burs vein?’ So yeah I trie to avoid eyes whenever possible. Jack…” Will answered and turned back to his boss.

“Yes”, Jack answered but was interrupted.

“I imagine what you see and learn such as everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked about your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone area of your skull for the things you love.”

“Who´s profile are you working on?” Will asked. He turned to Jack “Who´s profile is he working on?” Will looked at Jack accusing.

“I´m sorry Will. This is what we do. I cant shut mine of anymore than you can shut yours off.” Hannibal tried to deescalate.

“Please don’t psychoanalys me. You won´t like me when I´m psychoanalysed.”

“Will…” Jack started.

“Now if you will excuse me I have to go prepare a lecture on psychoanalysing”, said Will while storming out.

Apéritif

Chapter Notes

> Hey there, here is the new chapter. As always, I hope you enjoy. 😉
> Unfortunately, I have to go back to work know so I will not be able to update as quickly anymore. I try to make the updates weekly. I hope you still hang on.

Chapter 4

Will didn't return home. Instead, he decided to shed his human skin and take a run. As his limps lengthened and his skin turned black, he disappeared into the woods. The scents of nature surrounded him, and he could hear the nearby animals making their way to avoid him.

While his hooves touched the dirty ground all he can think about is the way Hannibal looked at him. The Alpha was indeed intriguing. He was bold and controlled. Every risk calculated. He knew what he was doing poking the unsocial, insecure Professor that Will performed as.

Lecter obviously tired to figure out his inner working. It was no secret that Will was instable. When Will first entered Baltimore under his current name he did everything to play his role as the over sensitive, uncontrolled and unsocial Agent. Everyone including his students knew about the disability his over imaginative mind posed. Therefore, they either crept around him like he was some delicate cup or outright screamed crazy in his face.

The good Doctor was different. He knew that Will would figure out immediately what he was playing at. Thus, the reason for his very direct approach. He wanted the brunette to trust him, and he knew how he had to go about it.

When Hannibal's maroon eyes stared in Wills soul. The Feeling of belonging was almost overwhelming. Eyes that he could not have been born with. They belonged to him because of the

change he went through. His eyes that witnessed unimaginable horror. Horrors Will found himself wondering about.

He could see himself trying to figure out this man. What are his secretes? How did he become a Wendigo? Did he do it on his own accord or did someone make him do it? So many Questions raced through Wills brain.

As he raised through the undergrowth every moment of the encounter repeated. He must have wandered around half of Baltimore's woods by know when suddenly a noise caught his attention. The omega changed to a more human version of himself. On the outskirts of town, a dirty, drunk man attacked a young woman.

He obviously tried to reach under her skirt. She screamed and moved about to free herself. Her deep brown hair flying around her head as she trashed about. The clothes she wore were definitely not thought to be worn outside at the time of year. The skirt was very short, and the green top did not leave much to be imagined.

Her attacker was probably twice her age and must have followed her out of the bar two streets down. The Wendigo could still hear the music playing.

Will hovered nearby and watched the scene play out. He wasn't particularly hungry. His pantry was still fully stocked. He had no reason to help the girl. She smelled intoxicated and her built was no match for her attacker who was broad-shouldered.

When the man successfully pressed her to the ground, Will decided to step in. Not because he wanted to help but to blow of some steam. He jumped and faster than human eyes could follow. He crashed into the man. They flew through the tree line. The Man let out a paint grunt. When he tried to stand up the Wendigo caught him by the neck. His sharp teeth pierced skin and faster than the man could scream his body was severed from his head. The crack of the broken bones echoed in the dark.

Will could hear the fast footsteps of the girl leave. Her heartbeat was elated, and he could smell her fear. Her fast steps became fainter with every passing moment. He thought about chasing her but even if she had seen him nobody would believe her. He knew that the police would probably arrive in a couple of minutes. More than enough time for him.

He ripped the man's heart out of his chest and started eating. Will started to thing about Hannibal again. Would the Alpha provide for him? Was he even aware of the courting customs their kind held in hight regard? As a turned Wendigo nothing was predictable. Some still held on to hear human upbringing and tried to delay the inevitable. This was until they succumbed to their baser instincts. The bloodbath that followed this was always something to behold.

It was of no use thinking of all these things if he couldn't make up his mind if he even wanted to be courted. When the sirens drew nearer Will ripped the body apart and left the pieces in the area. He stayed in the area until he was sure that the police found the scattered parts. Then he made his way home in the shadows of the forest.

His dogs greeted him happily at the entrance of his house. They were a quirk of his. Wherever he went he would always form a pack. When he left, he often couldn't take them with him so he would make sure to find them a suitable home. They also were the only animals that didn't fear him. Whenever he took in a new one he would always leave them in the cage until they figured out that he was their leader and that he would protect them.

The next day during his lessons something happened that he didn't predict. Hannibal Lecter came strolling in.

The first thing he noticed was the unusual footsteps. If one of the students is late, they usually would run to the classroom, but this person strolled leisurely down the halls. The second thing of course was again the scent. It was crazy how it drew him in. As soon as the Alpha was close all of Wills senses focused on him and he almost lost his train of thoughts.

Hannibal went inside an sat the whole lesson in the last row. His burning gaze on Will analysing everything about the Omega. It made him dizzy and irritated which resulted in two kicked out students.

When Will concluded his lesson and all of the students slowly evicted the room Hannibal rose. After the last of the students had left the Doctor stood in front of Wills desk. He didn't say a word and Will decided to break the silence first.

"Dr. Lecter I´m surprised to see you."

"As I imagined." A small smile on his lips he looked at Will. His scent revealed the amusement. It was clear that the other man enjoyed himself immensely.

"Do you have any business with me? I thought I made myself clear."

"Indeed, you did. Jack however told me that you are in need of a paddle."

"Maybe he was wrong. Did it never occur to you to just ask?" Hannibal lowered his had a bit to appear guilty.

"I made Jack ware of the professional requirements. He asked me for the appointment anyway."

"That went well, didn't it? I told Jack already that I have no interest in seeing psychiatrist. If he things I´m not stable enough to leave me to myself than maybe he shouldn't have asked me to consult on his cases as he is well aware of my condition. It also leaves my area of expertise completely to know why he came to you for this", Will sharply replies.

"It seems a mutual friend of ours recommended me. To my knowledge, she told Jack that if he wanted to keep on consulting you, he should consider getting you, my help."

"Please pray tell who is this acquaintance?" Will had an idea on the matter but wanted to hear it from the other man.

"I think you are familiar with Dr. Alana Bloom?"

Of course, Will knew Alana. She was not a friend. What´s more she was human. Nothing more than food. It caught Will of guard how much it angered him that Alana knew Hannibal. It must have shown on his face as Hannibal´s scent became more prominent. Will looked in the maroon eyes. He almost laughed. The doctor must have thought it to be jealousy because of Alana.

Alana was interested in Will. Alana had very blatantly requested to study him and if that wasn't enough, she also showed interest in him sexually. He may has played a little too much in his poor oversensitive self. It was definitely enough to scare her away from her romantically interest.

Little did she know that his little superpower rooted in his supernatural self. Omegas as the caregivers where always sensitive to their surroundings and feelings of potential threats. It wasn't just his senses who helped him play his role but also his experience in the 300 years of his live. For his kind this time frame was nothing much. His mother had been over 700 years when she decided to have him. On the other hand, it has to be stated that she was a player and by no means the usual standard.

"Yes, indeed in know her. I appreciate her concerns, but I think I know best what I am in need of if you don't mind." Will finally replied.

"I am sure. Our little conversation made me curious I must say. So, I came here with a proposal."

"I will not be studied!" Will claimed angered.

"No nothing of these sorts. I simply thought we could become friends. Jack and I had an understanding. I will consult on cases if my schedule allows it, which means we will see more of one another. Therefore, I thought it best to be civil."

"Being civil nowadays means being friends. I never knew them to be used interchangeably." He knew he was being difficult, but he wanted to see what the Alpha would do.

"It is not. I would be honoured if you would give me the chance to change our status from being civil to becoming friends over time spent together. I promise everything we talk about is just between friends and will never find its way inside any paper."

"Fine. When and where do you suggest this will happen?" Will finally gave in still suspicious.

"How about we set a regular date. Would every Friday after work be suitable? We could meet in a bar or restaurant if you prefer but my office would also be empty at this hour or we could meet somewhere you feel most comfortable with."

This man was indeed bold. He knows that the Will everyone knows hates socialising, so he tied to manipulated him into coming to his office regularly like one of his patients.

"Your office will be fine but if I see anything we talked about in a paper everything stops. Friday is fine."

"Thank you Will. I will honour this opportunity." He laughed when Hannibal was far enough away. Would the Alpha also do this if he knew that Will was an Omega?

Not for the first time Will was thankful for the magic tool that hid his status.

Hannibal probably thought him to be an easy prey, but he would learn soon enough who the pray was. The encounter helped him to made up his mind. Will knew now exactly what he would do next.

Early in the morning two days later Will was on his way to another crime scene. Once again, he passed the onlookers and police officers. He saw some of the bystander trying to warm up. It was freezing. Will of course could not feel the cold the same way as humans. To look normal, he regularly spent money on jackets. He snuggled deeper in said jacket and concentrated his hearing on the people around.

Just the usual chanting about how horrible it was and here and there some who just came by for the kick. The Police complaining why the killer couldn't wait till spring or summer but nothing Will was interested in.

Thankfully, Hannibal was not here yet. Will wouldn't want to miss his face. As the brunet walked closer, he could see Zeller and Price talk to Jack. He knew what awaited him. Just 5 hours earlier he had been here to prepare the exact scene.

"Will" a familiar voice with the unmistakable accent called him.

"Hannibal", Will answered as he turned to the doctor.

The walked in silence side by side. As they drew nearer, he could feel the Alpha start to shift. When the blue-eyed omega prepared the scene, he made sure to spread his natural scent all around the area. The result was the scent of narcissus, forest and pomegranate permitting the air.

Hannibal stated to inhale deeply. His eyes started to shimmer a little bit redder than natural. When the doctor laid eyes on the scene he stopped death in his tracks. Just what Will had intended.

The scene consisted of two men. Both were naked. The man to the right had a small build. He was sitting upright on a tree stump holding a bouquet of Gladioli in his hands as well as his heart. His face was turned to the other man. It seemed as if he was watching him. The other man was facing the other direction looking away. He stood next to a tree in one hand he held his heart. Both had their eyes removed and all their other organs where missing. Scattered around the scene were violets and columbine.

It had taken Will the most time to get all the flowers. They were from two towns over. An old friend of his, a nymph that was very skilled, had provided them without a record that could be tracked. The whole time he watched Hannibal curious if the other would understand.

The Alpha wore a blank mask, but his scent once again betrayed him. The arousal hung thick in the air. No mistaking it for anything else. It pulled Will in.

"Will, Hannibal over here." They heard Jack call. Popping the little bubble that had isolated them.

"Good morning, Jack." Will replied next to him Hannibal still struggled to control his emotions.

"Good to have you both here. I need you to look at the scene. Tell me if this is him again." Jack pushed.

When Will let the pendulum swung this time he was calm. Everything slowed down and he sank into the feeling of accomplishment. He could still feel the pounding heartbeat of the younger man as he tried to struggle against his inevitable death.

Will had picked them especially because of the unique features. The younger one had worked as a teacher in a local school his long brown locks reminded Will of his own. The other man was a successful hedge fund manager in his early fifties with a few small grey streaks in his hair and his angular face. They had no connection whatsoever. Will had seen them around town a couple of times before but had no use for them then.

The younger one had been killed first as he wasn't as important. The older one the Wendigo had taken his time with. Both had screamed for quite a while until Will had been done with them. How quiet everything was once he drained the blood out.

When he arrived back in the present, he knew what he would be saying to Jack.

"Will, is it the Ripper?"

"Sorry Jack but it is another Killer. This is a massage." He replied trying to sound agitated.

"A massage? For whom? The police?"

"Sorry to disappoint Jack but the massage could be for anyone. On my way here is saw that Tattle Crime already posted the pictures." Hannibal inserted.

"How does she get those pictures?" Jack barked enraged.

"It must have been the Killer. These Pictures got uploaded 3 hours ago. We got the call 2 hours ago." Beverly injected.

"But why would he do this? Does he want to be caught?" Jack asked still pacing.

"I don't thing so. I think he wanted to make sure that his massage reached the intended person by all means." Hannibal interjected.

"I agree with Dr. Lecter. The Killer wanted to be heard. I do thing though that it might me some kind of ruse." Will agreed.

"How do you mean?" Jack asked what obviously everyone thought.

"In my opinion he must know the receiver very well to know what the best way would be to reach them or he knows that the receiver will see it anyway and just wants to either distract us or gain more fame. Whatever it is depends in which direction the investigation should go. "

"So, what do you think we should do?" Will had to keep himself in check as to not roll his eyes. Jack leaned to much on Will to see what was right in front of him.

The Omega was curios if the Alpha had caught onto his ruse. To pick someone that looked a lot like himself, and Hannibal had been a risk he had taken out of cockiness, and he knew it. He wouldn't want the chase to be over to soon. It was all very obviously but on the other hand he had hidden himself very well too.

"The Killer is intelligent and obviously a sociopath. He took their organs while they were still alive. He doesn't see them as humans. In my opinion there is no connection between the victims so the only way to find them is the receiver of the massages." Will concluded.

"I understand. Hannibal do you have the same impression?" Jack looked at the doctor.

“Yes, I believe Will is correct with his assumptions.” With this Jack dismissed them again. Unhappy with their conclusion.

It didn’t even take a week for Will to get an answer from Hannibal. It did however please him immensely. It meant that Hannibal was as eager as Will.

On Thursday a week after their first meeting in Hannibal´s office Will was called to yet another murder. He may seem overly excited, but he couldn’t wait to see the answer to his little display.

The crime scene was located in an upper-class area. The windows off the shops in the street were all already dark. One could see a mixture of expensive displays in the windows. One held obviously high-class clothes another showed expensive wines and yet another jewellery. The curiosity almost ate Will inside out.

Will imagined how Hannibal strolled through these shops while the sun still stood high in the sky. One attendant after another overturning to please the doctor. The Alpha probably left a hefty amount of money in every one of these shops.

The crime was displayed in the shop at the end of the street. It was a corner store that sold expensive furniture. In contrast to all the other shops this one was lightened up. Again, everything was flooded with people that would normally sleep at this unholy hour. Nothing was to be seen from outside witch meant that he had prepared it further in the back.

Hannibal, Jack and the crew from the science analysis department were at the entrance eagerly awaiting his arrival. When Jack recognised Will he waved at him imperiously. Breathing deeply the Omega came nearer.

“Will finally. We have been waiting for you for an hour.”

“Sorry Jack there was an accident. Took them half an hour to clean up.”

“The scene is in the back. Hannibal will accompany you. I must talk to Lounds. This one was also sent to Tattle Crimes. Tell me if it’s the same one as before.”

“Really do we know how they send the pictures to Ms Lounds?”

“Unfortunately, we have no information as of yet. Ms Lounds is not very cooperative.” Jack answered anger prominent in his voice as he rushed away.

“After you Will.” Dr. Lecter took a step aside to lead Will inside. It was obvious that he was inquisitive. His scent betrayed him again. Not for the first time Will wonder why someone who so clearly liked to be in control would leave his scent waving around. Most creatures didn’t hide their natural scent and Alphas especially liked to use it to asset dominance. But the other Wendigo didn’t peck him as someone who had to use his scent this aggressively. Maybe he was used to him being the most dangerous creature and therefore didn’t see it as necessary to hide his scent. No matter what it may showed.

Hannibal let Will to a separate room in the back of the shop. It was used to display a room already fitted with the expensive furniture. The dark panelled walls with black wall lamps gave the scene a cosy atmosphere. The wooden table was the heart of the room above it hung three bulbs that contributed a dim light. Red and green plants decorated the table while dark grey chairs completed the cosy look.

On both ends of the table one person sat. Both were naked like the ones Will prepared. They face each other. In front of each a plate filled with meat. If the omega got after the scent, it was from someone else than the two-death people on the table. Making three deaths in total for this display. A glass of wine in front of both. One holding the wine glass in hand. They were both missing their organs no questions to be eaten later. Also, they both lost their eyes, but they were replaced with golden and red balls to symbolise their dark nature.

It was an invitation. Hannibal asked him to meet. He invited him on a date.

Tag, you're it

Chapter Notes

Hey, I’m back 😉 hope you all had a good week.
I decided to stay a little closer to the series. Hope you won’t mind.
Please let me know what you think. Enjoy <3 next Update will be next week.

Chapter 5

Classic music could be heard through the neighbourhood. The song somehow dark but powerful pulled the listener in. Will was in trance. He followed the music through the gateway hemmed with lush dark green bushes perfectly cut into circles. The house itself had a little canopy above the front door. The house was built with cream-coloured bricks and windows in the colour of the American walnut tree. It was big and had belonged in former times to lawyers, politicians, and the sort. Now it was the home of a serial killer and psychiatrist. Several windows on three floors greeted Will. When he went inside it was like traveling into the past. In the entrance beige settees greeted him on each side of the wall. Dark colours domineering the walls while light grey, beige and vanilla adorn the furniture embraced in dark wood. Everywhere different shaped lamps illuminated the areas and gave it a cosy feeling. Some places Will could see candle sticks and still in use. The whole area reminded him of the Victorian Area. Some similar pieces the omega had possessed in the past such as the ancient Indonesian masks he saw in one of the shelfs as well as a picture of the German painter Gerhard Richter.

The music pulled him through the house and into the kitchen. The walls were a dark pastel green. The counter white marble and rosewood for the cabinet. Everything in the house was clean and straight-lined, very organised like its owner. While Will looked around he saw a shadow creeping in the corner of his eyes. The black skinned creature had long antlers on its head and was dressed in a very expensive suit. The coal grey dress-shirt complimented the black suit with red stripes and the likewise red tie. Next to it on the counter on a silver plate laid a head with long mahogany hair.

The creature smiled in Wills direction taking controlled steps. While it walked over it transformed into Hannibal Lecter. Piercing red rimmed eyes looking into his soul. The blue abates to gold as a strong hand find its way to the omegas neck. Hannibal's face drew slowly closer to his own and Will could feel his heart flutter in this chest. The scent that hunter him overflowed his senses

cognac, bergamot and dark choclolate competing with the scent of blood. Only a centimeter space in beween their faces and Will could feel the breath of the Alpha on his skin. Soon his lips would touch Wills.

Bang Bang Bang

Will was abruptly ripped from his slumber. He sat vertically in bed trying to figure out what was going on. It was an alien sensation as Will normally never slept deep enough to not hear what was going on around him.

Bang Bang Bang

The sound that pulled him from his sleep repeated. Will stood up it had to be the front door. Will swayed in the direction of the sound. When he opened the door, he already regained his senses and was therefore greeted with the sign of two people. One was Jack Crawford wrapped in a thick black coat his blue collar showed underneath the dark striped scarf. The other was Hannibal Lecter.

Will looked at the doctor. His dark hair was styled perfectly as always. The grey strands complimenting his choice of coat. Both men were looking straight at him.

“Good morning Will, Sorry to disturb you this early.” Jack started.

“Good morning. What are you doing here at…” Will said looking inside to see what time it was “… 6 in the morning”.

“I need to borrow your imagination. Dr. Lecter just happened to be nearby when we got the call.”

“Come in. You just woke me up so give me a moment to change.” Will replied walking inside leaving the door open.

“Thank you Will.” Was all he heard when he entered his bedroom once again. Will could smell both men through the door. They started talking about Minnesota and Will knew that he had to prepare a dog sitter for his pack. While he changed his boxers and pulled on his slacks, he thought about how the scents would linger in his living room. It would be almost impossible to sleep in his house the next couple of days.

“Ok enlighten me what is going on? Another Messenger Murder?” Will asked knowing fully well that neither he nor Hannibal had any reason to kill again just know one day after the last scene.

“No thank God. We have another case, and my superiors want us to fly over and take a look.” Jack replied grumpy. It was obviously that he wasn’t happy with the decision but had to do so, nonetheless.

“Fly over? Whereto? A.. And I have the dogs and my classes in need time to prepare Jack.”

“No worries, Will our flight will go this evening we are just here to inform you of the circumstances. I hope you don’t mind but I already took the courtesy to ask Alana to look after your pack after she already agreed to take your classes.” Hannibal chimed in.

“No, no I don’t mind. Thank you she looked after them bevor.” Although only if no other option was available.

“So, you are also Flying over to … Dr. Lecter?” Will spoke again.

“Yes, indeed Hannibal and you worked well together on the messenger case, and I would feel better it you had him with you. I got the case file here if you don’t mind going it though know. I have to prepare everything bevor this evening as well.” Jack jumped in again. “The case is in Minnesota.”

They decided to sit in the kitchen as Will prepared some coffee. He had already heard about the case. It being about abductions with no real evidence. Jack explained to him that the local police found one of the victims.

The girl that looked like the other had been abducted as she was housesitting her parents’ house. Jack explained that the cat made some strange noises from upstairs while the local police was still interrogating the parents. When they opened the door, the missing girl laid in her bed as if she has never left. This was the point that the police called for help from the FBI. When the father saw Elise, he had a break down and had to be drugged. Unfortunately, not bevor contaminating the scene.

“So, you are telling me that know girl number eight got found they finally ask for help and did not even accomplish to have the scene properly examined as the father of one of the victims tainted the scene.” Will concluded enraged. Jack obviously thought that he would do his magic trick, and everything would solve itself.

“Unfortunately, yes but I convinced them to let us take a look at the scene this evening without any additional changes.” Jack replied sour.

“It is indeed unfortunate but there is nothing that can be done about this know. Therefore, I suggest to not let animosity cloud our judgment and see what happened to the poor girl.” The Alpha tried to reason acknowledging the tension.

“Fine, we meet at the airport at five this evening, correct?” Will concluded the meeting and made it clear afterwards that the meeting was over. When Hannibal and Jack left the house, he would hear until the cars where out of earshot. Then he started packing and preparing for the case. It wasn’t until later that he remembered his appointment with Doctor Lecter for today. He guests Hannibal would be elated not only did he get the meeting between them no he also got an additional couple of days. It was a really lucky coincidence.

In Minnesota the first thing that had to be done was the visit to the house of the Nichols. Police cars still standing there since the morning. Will could see the unhappy and determined faces of the police officers. They took it too personal he could tell.

While Jack spoke to the person who was formerly in charge to get the new developments Will went upstairs, Hannibal on his heels. The other man calming him. When the curly haired consultant opened the door the first thing, he saw was the body on the bed.

Her white nightgown wrinkled as well as the bed sheets. Her right arm laying next to her while the left one had been pulled at and now laid over the edge. No doubt her fathers doing. Will saw that her hair laid under her in a wavey motion.

He looked at Hannibal who hadn't said a word the whole time Will took the scene in. They locked eyes blue meeting maroon. Curiosity shimmering in the doctors' eyes.

"Would you give me a moment?" Will asked.

"Certainly. I´m just outside if you are in need of any help."

When the door closed, Will closed his eyes. The pendulum swung bevor him erasing everything one step at a time. First Will saw her laying in her bed when her father entered his distress still assaulting the omegas nose. He almost tripped over the cat who was also trying to reach Elise. His scream fell on forever deaf ears.

The second scene was the girl asleep in her bed. A dark figure stands over her. He lungs for her neck. She tries to fight him off her eyes wide open know. Blood dripping out of six wounds in her abdomen.

Will opened his eyes again. He turns to the door. Hannibal got company from Jack, and both look at him much like this morning.

"What have you seen?" Jack asked eager. Meeting the death girl parents must have pushed him.

"He loves them. It not about the girls it's about one of them. He is like Willy Wonka. Every girl that he takes is a candy bar and hidden inside is the one he wants. She is his golden ticket." Will states.

"I agree with Will. Elise has something the others didn't that's why he had to put her back." Hannibal agrees.

"Yes, something about her is not like it should be. She is broken somehow. He felt sorry for her because he could honour her."

"He tried to undo what he could." Hannibal nods.

"Ok if what you say is correct, he will need a new one soon. So, question is. Is he warming up to his golden ticket or is he reliving what he´s done to her?" Jack puts in.

"Neither. She wouldn't be the first and she wouldn't be the last. He would hide how special she was. I mean I would, wouldn't you?"

"I think it has something to do with her health. When we think about how he killed her it is obviously that it wasn't something she could have done. It has to have something to do with the way she is." Hannibal added his opinion. Will knew instantly that he was right. She smelled too sweet. The Alpha must have smelt a decease in her.

"Fine the autopsy will tell what we are missing. I have requested Zeller, Price, and Katz for the scene. They will pack everything together and we will know as soon as they're ready. Check into

your rooms we see each other tomorrow. I will send a car to pick you up."

The next day came to Will like a strange dream. The Officer who picked them up informed them that another victim was found. This sounded strange from the beginning. The killer should be still upset about him killing Elise Nicols pointlessly. His impression manifested when he saw the new victim and he really had to keep it together to not look in Hannibal's direction.

The body of a girl was impaled on stag antlers still attached to the head of the stag. She looked just like the other victims and Will knew that Hannibal had found the killer. Probably with his unhuman senses. The omega contemplated if the doctor had put the pieces together or if he used his inhuman senses for his advantage. Will himself was tempted to follow the scent of the attacker like some kind of watch dog. He also wonders what the reason for this display could be. It had to be one of two reasons.

One he tried to poke the to him unknown omega. Tried to figure out who the one was. If he was within the few people who had been on both crime scenes. This one and the one in Baltimore.

Second the Alpha tried to help Will. He thought he could stimulate the mind of the poor human with a negative example and would tell the consultant through his killing what the correct answer was.

Both options angered Will and he had to school his expression. The first option was something like cheating. The second an insult to Will skills.

"The stag had was reported stolen about a mile from here." Jack informed them.

"Just the head?" Will asked through clenched teeth.

"Minneapolis homicides already made a statement in calling him the Minnesota shrike." Jack explained further. Jimmy Price explaining about the bird hording pieces of meat in their nest. They eat it later he said.

Will took a couple of steps closer exclaiming that the killer is mocking her.

"Where did all his love go?" Jack asked. Will laughed.

"Do you think this funny?" Jack pressed out.

"No not in the slightest. This killer he didn't do Elise or the others. He tries to mock not just her but us to. He though the girl was a pig. The other Killer loves the girls he wants to consume them but this guy…" the word poured out of him.

"The Killer of Elise he has a daughter he doesn't want to kill her that's why he kills the other girls. She is his golden ticket. She is an only child. She is leaving home. He can´t stand the though of loosing her. This guy here is an intelligent psychopath, a sadist. There is no motive, no pattern he may never kill like this again. And to be brutally honest he isn't what's important know. Let Dr.

Lecter drop a profile.” Will concludes pointily looking at Jack and not Hannibal. He deserves his wrath.

Stalking away Will things about Hannibal’s wrath for his rudeness and smiled.

Will dreams about a black stag. The creature is walking through the dark foggy woods. Instead of a mane one can see feathers black and dark blue absorbing every light. The likewise black orbs are looking through his soul catching every emotion. The scene should be frightening but instead it is calming. The creature draws slowly nearer. Will is tempted to just hold out his hand to touch the strange image and feel it under his palm.

Bang Bang Bang

Will is wide awake. This time the footsteps had him alert in advance. He opens the door again. This time it is only Dr. Lecter.

“Good morning Will. May I come in?” he asks.

“Where is Crawford.” Will is still angry and in defence.

“He is deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today.” He stops to look inside then he asks again “May I come in?”

Will leaves the door open and walks in.

“I am very careful what I put into my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself.” Hannibal starts pulling bowls with food out. He pushes one over to Will.

“a little protein scramble to start the day. Some eggs, Some sausage.” He adds. When Will takes the first bite he knows exactly what he is eating. Human. To be exact parts of Cassie Boyle. He is divided. Angry still at the audacity and happy about the fact that the Alpha is providing for him. He has to supress a purr.

“This is delicious. Thank you.” He tells the other smiling. Out of the corner of his eyes he sees Hannibal slightly smiling probably thinking about the human eating the meat of the girl he wants to find the killer of.

“My pleasure.” Is the answer then he adds “I would apologize for my analytical ambush, but I know I will soon be apologising again, and you will tire of that eventually, so I have to consider using apologise sparingly.”

“Just keep it professional.” Will answers still unsure if he should be friendly with the Alpha no matter how handsome he is. Just because he took the first step doesn't mean he has to go trough

with it. The real problem is that he wants as a matter of fact go through with it. Maybe this is what rubs him the wrong way to want him.

“Or we can socialize like adults.” Hannibal said piercing. “God forbit we become friendly.”

“I don’t find you that interesting.” Will lied.

“You will.” The Alpha answers confidently and both know that he is right.

They talk some about the case and Will feels like some sort of schoolgirl hanging on Hannibal´s lips taking in his gestures and facial expressions. He can feel himself getting hotter as he breathes in more and more of the inciting scent. His inner creature tells him to just get rid of the object separating them. That this Alpha bevor him would make great fawns and that their darkness would fit together perfectly. It costs Will some concentration to stay in the conversation.

“You know Will. I think uncle Jacks sees you as a fragile little teacup. The fines China used for only special guests.” He hears the doctor say. Back to reality he has to laugh. Nothing about him is fragile. Unfortunately for the man bevor him as well as Jack Crawford not even his mind. It makes him however curios to see as what Hannibal sees him, so he must ask.

“How do you see me then?”

“A mongoose I want under the house as a snake slithers by.” He answers. It seems to the Omega that he was too harsh in his judgment. Maybe the other man does realise the monster within. It is a theory the brunet will test to the fullest.

While they finish their breakfast Will things about the next step.

They check the construction sides together. As they go through the Files, he explains to the other man what it is that brings them to this track. When Will finds Mr Hobbs he knows immediately that he is the person they are searching for. Hobbs left a phone number but no address and as Will explains to Hannibal what made him curious, he knows what will happen next. This time however Will is prepared. Before Hannibal can call the Hobbs Will does.

“Hey is your mother available?” he askes the girl on the other end.

“Yes.” She answers and he can hear them talking.

“Hello?” the voice of Mrs Hobbs answers.

“Hello Mrs Hobbs. Do you have a gun in your house?”

“What why do you ask? Who is this?” she asks back now scarred and disturbed. He knows that she has a gun. She must have suspected something for a while and Will knows that she knows.

“Take your gun and your daughter. Your husband is a killer as soon as this phone rings again he will kill both of you. So, if you want to live. Take your daughter and run.” He hangs up before he can hear her replying. Now everything is up to luck.

While they drive to the house of the family Hannibal is very calm. He goes on as if nothing happened and Will does too. He didn't have to call Mrs Hobbs, but he knows what her husband will do to her, and he deems it only fair to give them equal chances.

While it doesn't really matter to him if the whole family dies, he wants to annoy the Alpha. Will strongly suspects that Ms Hobbs helped her father with the crimes and although he doesn't know her, he wants her to become by her own terms.

When they arrive at the front door his pulse quickens. Nothing seems out of place. The whole area is very suburban. The grass is the exact length deemed appropriate. The house looks nice and clean. Will can hear the stove. Something is frying in the pan.

Suddenly the silence is disturbed. Several shots after another. Wills stars running. He draws his weapon. When the front door opens a dark blond woman with a nice blouse and khaki shorts comes out. She sees them and holds up her hand the other one throws the gun away. She says nothing. Next to her a young woman comes out of the door. Blood is on her face and clothes. Will takes the gun and walks inside leaving Hannibal with the Hobbs woman. Inside in the kitchen Mr. Hobbs lies in his own blood empty eyes starring into nothingness. Will walks over to the stove and turns off the heat bevor he walks out again and calls for reinforcement.

Everything goes fast after that. Both woman shiver but neither says anything. When Jack arrives, she tells him her story in a monotone voice. Will things it's the shock.

She tells them how she figured out what her husband did. Tells them how strange she always found his behaviour. She talked about knew decoration items and Beverly goes inside to look for them after a look from Jack.

Mrs Hobbs tells them how she didn't feel save anymore and went to get her gun. She tells them how afraid she was and that she just wanted to take her daughter and leave. Then she tells them how she came back and found her husband holding a knife to Abigails throat. She tells them how he told her everything. That he couldn't live with the idea that their daughter would leave them and how much he loved them. She tells them how he was distracted for a moment and how she shot him. He then stumbled in her direction, and she shot him again. They would find five bullets in his body and a small cut on Abigails throat.

The whole time she doesn't say a word about the call she had received. She only looked at him with strange eyes. A couple of days later he would visit her in the hospital, and she would thank him and tell him that she wouldn't tell anyone. An hour after his visit she would collapse and sleep for two days not remembering anything about a caller afterwards.

Will focused on Hannibal the whole time on the scene and found him smiling. He was intrigued by this unexpected development. Even though he lost this time he giant an assumption. It would be a very interesting game to play.

Takes one to know one

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,
I hope you all had a great week. Enjoy and have a good weekend. 😊

Chapter 6

After the debacle with Garret Jakob Hobbs Jack found Will in his barn with the dogs strolling around. When Jack walked through the door the younger man had his back turned in his direction. Will was elbow deep in some boat engine his dark blue jumper ruined forever. Jack gently knocked on the inside of the door to make the other aware of his presence. Will off course already heard him from miles away.

“Will?” Jack called uncertainty clear in his voice. He was afraid that the whole encounter has broken something in Will. He saw Will looking back.

“It wasn’t your fault you know. Nobody could have predicted how this would go down. The important thing is that the killer will never hurt anyone else and Mrs Hobbs as well as her daughter are fine and free of any charges.” He continued.

“I know. I just think that I could have caught him alive if we where a little bit faster.” He lied to Jack hoping he would leave soon. Will was unhappy with what was expected of him.

“Yes, I know. I would have preferred another outcome as well but there is nothing to be done about it. The Hobbs girl told one of the officers about a caller just minutes before her father attacked her. We think that he warned Hobbs about your visit.” Jack tired to calm him.

It was just a couple of days ago that everything in the Hobbs house went down. Will has asked Alana to keep taking his classes. He had taken a leave and told them that he needed time alone. Will has read about the new case on Tattlecrime.com and new why Jack was really here. He also knew that Alana told Jack that he needed clearance bevor he could take another case. Alana told Will her opinion very clearly during their last meeting. She also told him that she would prefer him to not ever work for Jack again.

It wasn't just Jack and Alana. Hannibal has called him several times as well. He had been informed that Will would be taking appointment with him bevor he was able to return to work. This visit form Jack was just the tip of the iceberg. He just asked them for peace it was astonishing how little they could respect his wishes.

Jack at least was busy enough with clearing the mess in Minnesota so he didn't have time to bother Will more than in his opinion necessary. He tried to get something on Abigail Hobbs. Jack suspected her to have assisted her father with taking and killing the other girls. Will of course knew that she did, but he also gave her mother the number of a really good lawyer. Jack wouldn't even be able to come near the girl. Will had seen something dark in her eyes that had intrigued him.

Maybe if he hadn't interfered, he could have taken her in but in the end, he couldn't be moved to be disappointed. The whole thing had been to entertain. If Will was correct he would see her again in a few years. To see her evolving would have been fun but time was on his side if she became what he thought there would bee many more years to meet again.

Another interesting aspect is the journalist, Freddy Lounds. She broke into the hunting hut of Hobbs and posted the pictures she gained on her website Tattlecrimes were Will saw them. She was a very determined person with no self-preservation. It would be interesting to see if she could figure out what Jack couldn't.

"I am here to ask you to come back to the field now. I want you back, but I recommended a psychological evaluation to the bord. I know that there was nothing you could have done but I need to sleep at night, and I can't as long as I don't know if you're alright."

"I don't want anybody inside my head." Will finally replied. Although he wouldn't mind Hannibal somewhere else. The other man hadn't been as penetrating as Alana, but he still tried to convince Will in a subtle way. He brought him food over and even went as far as to get Alana to back off a bit. This was a much better approach than nag him. Will hadn't needed the time off because the thing that happened hunted him no, he took the time to prepare the things he needed for the next steps.

"The reason you weren't in the field bevor was because you didn't have the stomach for it. I want to make sure you didn't get to close." He told him urgent.

"Therapy isn't working on me." Will replied still uncomfortable with the idea.

"It isn't working on you because you won't let it."

"And because I know all the tricks." He said smiling slightly. He had been there when the first theories of mind healing and therefore theories about illnesses of the mind had been established.

"Then maybe you need to unlearn some tricks." Jack replied forcefully. The man didn't have the nerves for convincing someone and Will knew that he had to give in sometimes.

“Why don’t you just have one conversation with Hannibal and see where it takes you?” Jack tried again.

“Fine” Will answers unhappy. Jack makes another few comments but now that he got what he came for he leaves quickly.

As soon as the other man leaves Will calls Hannibal to make an appointment.

A couple of days later Will finds himself in the Office of Dr. Lecter once again. Will feels strangely homey within the red walls and leather cladded chairs. The scent of the Alpha permitting the air. It’s no wonder Hannibal spends ours here. His overpowering scent making it almost impossible to detect anyone else’s.

Hannibal greets him enthusiastically. His smile and scent calm the Omega right away. He didn’t even notice that he was nervous. Meeting Hannibal was always intense. Every time he would look for a place to focus on so that the other wouldn’t recognize his state of mind. At least he had his eyes under control by now.

While Hannibal did some paperwork, he took to browsing the book shelfs on the upper floor. Many of them where about medicine. Some books were about myths, theology and art. Some of the books looked older and well-read Will wonder if the other had tried to find reason in them when he first transformed. The choice of books didn’t surprise Will. The thing however that did was the Alphas action.

“This is your psychological evaluation. Your totally functional and more or less sane. Well done.” Hannibal looks up to Will as he says it. His eyes catch Wills incomprehension. He smiles and his scent grows thicker with happiness.

“Did you just rubber stamp me?” Will has to ask. He is disappointed. The Omega thought Hannibal would use this opportunity to keep him around. He had to supress a whine. Was the Alpha not as interested in him as he thought?

“Yes, Jack may lay his very head to rest knowing that he did not break you and our conversation can continue unobstructed by any paperwork.”

If Hannibal could have smelled him, he would have known how happy this made Will. He was more than happy to come back under these circumstances. Will had made himself half-crazy thinking that the Alpha may only see him as a patient, but this made it obviously that he wanted to stay on his good side both professional and personal.

“Jack things I need therapy.” Wil finally replies.

“What you need is a paddle. Someone to hold onto when Jack sends you into dark places.” He replies fast. His voice sounds eager to Wills ears. It’s safe to assume that whatever Jack thought Hannibal would help Will with wasn’t happening.

“I bring something back whenever I look inside the darkness.” Will tells Hannibal and it is entirely true. He needs someone to ground him and his senses, to protect him. It is in his nature, and he will not deny that having an Alpha would help him in this regard. Feeling protected would make his senses calmer. They would still be there but would affect him less.

“How does this make you feel?” he askes and Will has to smile. He hadn’t expected the other to use such a textbook question.

“How do you feel about all this. You were there too. Do you think we could have done something?” he gives the question back to Hannibal testing him.

“I think about all the scenarios that could have made a different outcome. Reliving every moment trying to figure out what could have gone differently.” As Hannibal says this Will knows what he had hoped for. Hobbs would have died anyway but Hannibal had hoped for Will to be the killer. He had hoped to see him at his freest. The Doctor is obvious in his pursuit. He had wanted to see the darkness in Will by reflecting it from Hobbs instead of himself. For the first time thinks that Hannibal might be as lonely as he is.

“I think this was one of the better outcomes we could have hoped for.” Will replies attentive.

“You think that the death of the Minnesota strike is a better outcome than him being caught?” smiling Hannibal looks up to Will.

“Isn’t it normal to believe that justice was served through his death. I think the parents of his victims would agree with me.”

“But aren’t you a man of justice. As an FBI Agent wouldn’t you think that it was your duty to bring him to court?” Hannibal replied interested in the response he would get.

“I’m a consultant and even if I were part of the force, I doubt that there are many that wouldn’t follow my way of thinking. As for the duty you mentioned wouldn’t one think that it is the duty of the FBI to bring safety to the masses from people like Hobbs?”

“Perhaps…” Hannibal said while thinking about his next step. He likes to push the right buttons. He also knows that Will isn’t one to care for the feelings of the masses. “… it is just. I was under the impression that the fact that you can associate with the likes of Hobbs would have made you softer for what will happen to them. The darkness that you bring back when looking into the minds of Killers connects you to them.”

‘Searching for connection doctor?‘ Will thought. The Alpha was in need of someone who understood him but trying to make an association with a lesser being like Hobbs wouldn’t help him so he tries to get Will. For Hannibal a teacher with an emphatic disorder was better than another killer. Will wonder what he thought about the unknown Omega. A means to connect? Or a threat?

“So, you think I am like them just because I’m able to predict them?” Will replies harsh. He sees the small smile that pulls at the corner of Hannibal’s mouth. Of course, he thinks of him like them not knowing how alike Hannibal and he are.

Will has often wonder how humans would call him a monster while they were only too ready to kill each other without mercy. He at least did it to nourish himself. Of course, he killed once or twice when the mood strikes as well but never without reason or control. Humans are the worst animals themselves.

“I wouldn’t go as far. I am only observing what is laid in front of me.” The Alpha replies with glowing eyes. The alpha red is not showing yet, but Will can feel the intensity in every cell. The implication of the words all to obvious. Hannibal may not be able to smell him, but he feels the connection, nonetheless. The hunger in his eyes can’t be mistaken.

“And what you see is the mongoose you hoped for? Or are you afraid know that you have seen the darkness I work with yourself?” a rhetorical question of course but enough to amuse and distract Hannibal.

“Not enough to frighten me I’m afraid. In my profession I have seen much worse.”

“In your time as a surgeon? Or during your time as a physiatrist?” Will askes interested how much he could get out of the other until Hannibal recognised what his goal was.

“So, you have taken the time to learn about me? If you would have asked, I would have answered Will.” It was difficult to tell if the Alpha was angered with his knowledge or flattered.

“You didn’t answer the question.” Will stated not willing to answer himself. Hannibal looked amused and Will turned away looking at the books again. There somewhere further in the back almost as if to hide it the thing Will had been searching for.

“You have a nice collection of books here Hannibal. I wonder are you interested in Monster?” the omega started again holding up the book he had found. It’s leather cover indicating it as something old. Probably something Hannibal had received from someone. It’s a book from Monsters for Monsters. If a normal human being would find it they would probably think it a fairytale book.

“I am indeed. What about you have you found an interest in Monsters?” Hannibal replied testing Will. He takes the ladder to join Will. As he draws nearer a new wave of the Alphas scent reaches Will. He closes his eyes for a moment pretending to look inside the book.

“I have enough to do with the Monsters Jacks sends to me. No need for more.” He replies to deflect Hannibal’s interest. “Wendigo. What a scary creature.” Will says aloud reading the page he knows by heard. His voice indicates no fright for the monster.

Hannibal seems to notice his lack of fear because he replies “an interesting choice. A creature who devours humans.” Will knows that this had the potential to become dangerous. Hannibal stands right behind him his breath in Wills nape. Will can feel the warmth radiating from his body. He feels the muscles shift underneath the suit and is sure about their strength.

“Someone like Hobbs could surely have been mistaken as one of this creatures in the past. If some girl discovers a man eating the flesh of other humans, she might still think him this creature.” Will is fully aware that he poked Hannibal with his response and takes a step away. Will himself wasn’t happy about being in comparison with his food but it was best to still pretend.

“We have to agree to disagree on this as Hobbs is hardly comparable with this creature. He might have eaten his victims but as you said yourself, he loved them and had to honour every part of them. If a girl would have discovered him, she would without doubt thought him a monster but a very human one. His way of acting is comparable with a modern hunter. A wendigo is a godlike creature with outstanding ability and keen senses.” was the awaited reply. Will liked the reply even though it sounded a bit narcissistic.

“Do you see yourself as a godlike creature Doctor Lecter? As a person who held the faith of many people in his hands it would be understandable.” The back and forth between them was a dangerous game. Exciting but dangerous.

“Aren’t we created in God’s image? I allow myself to think that if God would have wanted us to be different, he would have made us so” it was a good answer with no real answer but plenty of implications.

“As much as I enjoy our conversation. I think our time is over. Your next patient must be waiting eagerly for your time.” Will said nodding in the direction of the clock. He pushes past Hannibal. After climbing down the ladder, he takes the paper and turns to leave.

“See you next week.” The Alpha says still standing on the gallery. He is watching Will with a penetrating gaze. They haven’t talked about Will coming back to another appointment.

“Yes, see you next week.” Will replies carefully. As he steps out of the office, into the waiting room he sees the next patient. The man seems nervous and wrings his hands. When Will walks past him he looks up but can’t meet his eyes. His scent is permitting the air. The man is another Omega but from a different breed. He smells sweet like all omegas do. Roses, Candy and something domestic, Tea perhaps. He is a little round in the middle area and is sweating profusely what sours his scent somehow. The other Omega is a forest nymph. Unusual for them to be seen inside a city. They normally prefer more secluded places. His appearance as well as his nature have probably brought him to Hannibal. Nymphs’ male or female are mostly slender creatures never to be separated from their connection to the element they are part of.

While walking down the stairs back to his car Will hears Hannibal calling the man in a familiar voice. His name is Franklyn, and he is more than happy to see Hannibal. It doesn’t seem to matter to him that he is little better than food for the Alpha.

Suddenly Jealousy burns hot in his Veins. Does Will have a competitor for Hannibal’s affection? He has to make it clear to the Alpha that he is the only one that has a right to him. The other Omega is inferior and no match for Hannibal. Will however is everything the Alpha should want. They are compatible in many ways scent, intellect and standing.

Will walks over the street to his car. Inside he clenches is hands around the stirring wheel until his knuckles turn white. He has to calm himself, but rationality is hard to be found. When he finally leaves the Parking lot, he has calmed enough to make a schematic.

Two days later during target practice, Beverly calls him to another crime scene. He still hasn’t calmed down from his encounter with the other Omega. But he only has to wait a little more to carry out his plan to erase the other creature from Hannibal’s mind.

The crime scene was located in a hard to access area inside the woods. Jack awaited him at the Treeline and made fun of him getting clearance from Hannibal the whole way in. Birds were singing and insects could be heard. Price told them that they had nine victims.

Mushroom grew on the victims and fern proliferated in between. Zeller added that he buried them alive to ensure optimal fertilisation and fed them intravenously. The Killer also installed an air system. It was truly bizarre.

The children who had found the victim must be traumatised by the encounter. There Parents and other relatives were still standing a couple of feed away behind the yellow tape.

While Will tried to concentrate on the crime scene he could here a woman asking questions about the display. It was almost impossible to not hear her talking to one of the police officers. He recognised her from other scenes and knew that it was Freddy Lounds making up bullshit that would end the officer's career.

Unfortunately for the stupid man Will had other thinks to worry about. He tired to blend them out of his focus and let the pendulum swing. He sees the Killer laying his victims in wooden boxes. As he is burying them, he makes sure to hold one of the hands above the surface for the infusion. He knows they will never be conscious again.

Suddenly the death eyes of Hobbs look up at Will. Darkness is surrounding him, and Will feels hot. Something is telling him to go to safety and urge making his knees spasm. Then a hand is grabbing his arm as he kneels next to one of the bodies and Will is pushed aside by aids.

It worries him that he hadn't been able to detect the mans weakened heartbeat. His senses should have been sharp enough to.

On his way home he worries about what it could mean for him to lose his touch. Much to his displeasure he has to make an uncomfortable call. There is one person who knows exactly what is to be expected. She has courted several times and even though she killed almost all her lovers she was an expert on this matter.

At home he did almost anything to not have to call her. He fed his dogs. He went hunting. He cleaned the house and even went as far as to consult his hidden books again. Having nothing else left to do he took the bite in the poison apple and dialled her number. She lived in Europe and the time difference had him hoping she wouldn't pick up. It was now eight in the morning in Wolf Trap which meant it was two in the morning in Europe.

To his discomfort it only took three rings for her to answer. Her voice hasn't changed a bit since they last spoke about 50 years ago. It was like a melody from a fine crafted bell. He could see her golden curled hair in front of his eyes.

They exchange pleasantries bevor he tells her why he is calling. She laughs at him not believing that he finally decided to settle down. Amilia had always been special. She never settled down herself. All the Alphas she let inside her bed she either killed or left. She never even thought about staying for her it was all an exiting game. Every conquest a new adventure.

She met Wills father by chance in New Orleans while she travelled through the New World. He was a nice man always considerate of her. He never though about standing in her way. All he hoped for was for her to stay with him. Will thought silently that it was the reason why she had left him alive. She enjoyed his devotion and suffering too much to end it.

Months after they had parted, she found out about Will. Amilia had never been the motherly type. So, she left him with his father who raised Will the best of his abilities. Wills father wasn't a

Wendigo but a Wolve instead. Will who had been born a Wendigo was difficult to handle. His father died about 200 years ago during a fire leaving Will alone.

Amilia herself only remember having a son now and then but mostly to annoy Will. They had never seen eye to eye, but she at least had enough feelings for him to help him with his designation.

When they ended the call Will calculated the time he had to pull of his plan for Hannibal and decided that it would be time to lay out the bait. He had already prepared for the worst case and the few thinks that he would have to add after the call he could do in due time.

At five in the evening, Will drove over to Hannibal after confirming that the man would receive him. When he entered the office he put the evaluation, that Hannibal had given him the last time, on the desk and said, “This may have been premature.”

“What did you see? Out in the field.” Hannibal asked knowing exactly that something had to be wrong.

“Hobbs.” Came the short reply.

“In association?” he asked wondering what could have had such an impact on Will.

“No. Hallucination. I saw him lying there in someone else’s grave.” Will made his voice shake on purpose to show a vulnerable side of him.

“Did you tell Jack what you saw?”

“No” he answered and averted his eyes.

“It’s stress not worth reporting.” Hannibal tried to calm him. The Omega could see the interest in his eyes. If something was wrong with, Will it would give Hannibal the opportunity to grow closer to him.

“Why did he leave out their Hands?” Hannibal asks trying to change the subject to the new killer. “To feel the live leave their body?” he adds.

“No that is too esoteric for someone like him. He buries his victim in a straight line. He is more practical.” Will replies giving in.

“He was cultivating them?” Interest is seeping out of his voice.

“He was keeping them alive. He was feeding them intravenously.“ Will explains the facts. Hannibal catches on quickly.

“But your farmer let his crops die. Safe for the one that didn’t die.”

“They weren’t the crops they were the fertiliser. Their bodies were covert in fungus.” He explained further. Telling Hannibal what he saw makes him feel connected to the Alpha.

“The structure of a fungus mirrors that of a human brain an intercept web of connections.” The Doctor says catching onto Wills thinking immediately. It is curious how easy it is for them to continue spinning thoughts.

“Maybe he admirers their ability to connect. The way a human mind can’t.”

“Yours can.” Hannibal says with admiration plain in his voice.

Will laughs “Yeah but not physically.”

“Is that what your farmer is looking for? Connections.” Hannibal askes knowing that he was right. Will nods.

Times is not on their side it seems. Hannibal told him before that he had another patient scheduled. They say their good by and Will leaves through another door Hannibal holds open for him. It is not the usual exit for patients, but it seems that the doctor had also recognised the rat listening at the main door.

The sound of the recording device is clear as day. Freddys breath loud and strong through the door. Her scent waving into the room underneath the door. Will stills for a moment out of earshot for humans but still possible for him.

He hears Freddy telling Hannibal some lie about her name and some other doctors she is trying out. Will hears Hannibal’s heartbeat going very still. He wonders if he is going to eat her. It wouldn’t be in his best interest, but he still hoped. The woman was annoying him.

Hannibal calls her out on her lie and her heartbeat skips a beat. She is trying to deflect and wants to leave but the Alpha tells her to give him her bag. He is polite as ever and Will feels impressed.

The Doctor tells her to sit with him and lets her delete the conversation she had recorded with Will. He also tells her that she is rude and suddenly Will just knows how Hannibal is picking out his victims.

After everything is said and done Will leaves for his car.

The next day Will visits the lab. Zeller, Price and Beverly all stand around one of the victims. Will doesn’t like the basement lab because of several reasons.

One being that everything smells rotten. Another being the glass and chrome surfaces that make everything look more sterile than necessary. There are other reasons but the only one he has for coming down here is because he must to get a better insight. The only reason making it even a little bearable is Beverly. They share the same humour.

While visiting the Lab this time they figure out that all the victims needed insulin. This helps them to identify the murderer. Within only a couple of hours the have a suspect. The suspect a middle-aged man named Eldon Stammets couldn’t be detained. Instead, Will found a new victim in the trunk of his car still alive.

During the investigation they found an article from Freddy Lounds on Tattlecrime.com who called Will a demented mind and a potential killer. She hadn’t handled it well that Hannibal had caught her. It angered the Omega that not only did she denounce him in front of his Alpha but the whole world. He knew that he would kill her the only thing he had to make sure of was that everything was in place bevor he did. She would see how twisted he really was.

To his endless amusement Jack arrested her. Not for long given but the look on her face when the FBI broke into her room gave him endless joy. Will also knew that it was Zeller who gave her some of the information she used and that he had to be careful around the other man in the future.

The very next day something happened that Will enjoyed even more than her being arrested. She was threatened by the same man she helped escape with her article. Unfortunately, some officer died during the encounter but still Will was very satisfied. Especially because he didn't have to do a single thing for that.

On the other hand, something happened that he didn't predict. Lounds did know about his and Alanas 'relationship' and told Stammets about it. Then the Killer decided to go after her. He kidnapped her from the grounds of the FBI. It made Jack go completely crazy. The audacity was astonishing.

It however seemed that Will had underestimated Hannibal's attachment to Alana. To Stammets misfortune Hannibal had been nearby during his abduction of the female psychiatrist. Will only recognised this when he entered the crime scene. The alphas scent was all over it.

The man looking for connections had died an unfortunate death due to an animal attack in the woods. People had heard screaming and when the police arrived, they only found parts of Stammets. His corps had been dragged five yards and most of him was unrecognisable. Some parts not even attached to his body anymore.

Alana however was unaffected by all of this. He had put her inside one of the boxes he used for his other victims and closed it with a wooden board. She was full of dirt and shivered uncontrollable. When Will arrived, she was already inside an ambulance. Jack tried to talk to her, but she was in a state of shock and had to be moved.

During his next encounter with Hannibal Will tried to make out any kind of reaction but found none. Hannibal asked him how he felt about this losing the second Killer in just a couple of weeks and Will again told him that it was just. He then asked him if he felt so bad because he didn't feel bad about it and Will had to agree. He told Hannibal that he felt it to be right for them to be death. The story about a church roof falling down on the believers while singing a hymn to God took Will of guards. Hannibal more or less directly told him that Killing was alright.

It was obvious to Will that the Alpha he desired had already a lot of trust in him. He decided that he would return it.

The Monsters we are

Chapter Notes

Sorry for making you wait. 🙈 I was so busy the last two weeks. 😭 Hopefully everything calms down now.
Please enjoy this Chapter.
See you next week 😊❤️

Chapter 7

Two days after the incident, as Will calls it playful in his head, he is on his way to Alana. The white Walls of the Hospital are depressing. Now and again someone from the staff was running down the corridor. But mostly Will saw bored faces behind the desks who separated the nurses from the desperate patients and their relatives. The mixtures of scents tingled in Wills nose, and he could hear now and again cries and screams.

Hospitals were not Wils favourite places. He couldn't understand how Hannibal could have worked in one. The stench of desperation was disgusting let alone anything else.

Will walked down the corridor to Alanas room in slow steps. Hannibal was with her, and he was afraid that he would either sound too eager if he walked to fast which would mean he wasn't sorry for Alana or to guilt ridden which would earn him a discussion with the doctor he didn't want to have.

He raised his hand on Alanas door and stopped shorty to give the impression of inner struggle, then he knocked. It didn't take long for Alana to call him in.

When he walked in the first thing, he saw was Alanas face black and blue from the hid she had taken to knock her out. Next to her sat Hannibal in a chair who couldn't be comfortable. Both looked at him. He tried to seem pained and lowered his eyes.

"I can come back later." He said voice small.

"No Will I'm happy to see you. Please take a seat." Alana said voice reassuring.

“I don’t want to disturb your time with Hannibal.” Wil answered.

“Please Will take a seat I have to leave anyway. A patient is waiting for me in my office. It was nice to see that you are recovering properly Alana. If you allow, I will visit you again tomorrow.” Hannibal said getting up and taking his jacked. He looks at Alana.

“Thank you for your visit, Hannibal. I’m happy that you took the time out of your busy schedule.” She answers.

“It was my pleasure. Will” Hannibal answers always the gentleman. He nods in Wills direction and leaves him with the female alone.

“Will how are you?” she says looking at him with piercing eyes.

“Shouldn’t I ask you that?” he answers sitting down in the chair Hannibal had vacated minutes before. The look in her eyes was hard but not accusing.

“I’m fine. Two more days and I can leave. They said that my spine took quite a hit and that I will be having troubles with walking. After leaving I have to go to rehab.” She sounds determined. Just as he expected her to be.

“Listen Alana. I’m very sorry. I know that I’m late, but I wasn’t sure if you wanted to see me. If Stammets hadn’t taken an interest in me and if we weren’t friends, you wouldn’t have to go through with it” Will said averting his eyes once again looking at his hands.

“Will it wasn’t you fault. If it was anyone’s fault it was Freddy Lounds. She told him about me, and he decided to target me. He was sick.” She said putting her hands on his. Her voice confident but it was clear that she didn’t have the same interest in him as she had bevor. Hopefully for her she wouldn’t think that she stood a chance with Hannibal now. It wouldn’t end well for her.

“Thank you, Alana. Still, I can’t help but feel guilty. I wouldn’t never want you to come to any harm. Is there anything I could do to help you.”

“There is no need for that Will. I really appreciate your worries, but I promise I’m fine.” He eyes search for his and she squeezes his hand.

“At least let me drive you. You said you will be released in two days I pick you up.” He tries to sound grateful for her forgiveness and looks at her straight.

“You don’t need to Will. I can just ask Hannibal to pick me up.” She tries to reassure him, but Will doesn’t want Hannibal to pick her up.

“Please I insist. I would be grateful if I could do something for you.” He looks at her pleading.

“Ok if you want to, I would be happy if you could pick me up here.”

“Thank you.” He says watching her. After a while he adds “you know I don’t believe we have ever been alone in a room bevor.”

“I haven’t noticed, have we?” she replies smiling. Will looks around and spots a book on her nightstand.

“What are you reading?” he asks.

“I’m rereading Flannery O’Connor. I loved her when I was younger. I even tried to raise peacocks because she raised them.” she replied smiling at him.

“Oh, really and how did that go?” he asks. He couldn’t imagine her with birds and had to stifle a smile.

“They are really stupid birds.” She said and they both laugh. When they finish, she asks, “Are we going to talk about that ‘takes one to know one’ Artikel?”

“Do we have to? I’m here because of you and you’re not my doctor Alana.” Will looks around the room. It’s the first time that he notices the couch in the corner. It smells faintly of Hannibal.

“I know but I would like to so that I don’t have to talk about me.” She says it with another smile, but he knows that she can’t step out of her role.

“All right. What do you want to hear? That I really fucking hate Freddy Lounds? Yes, I do. She not only pisses me off no, she also gets others in trouble.”

“Yes, I understand the sentiment. If it helps, I don’t like her as well.” They laugh again. This time a sad helpless one. It is hard on Alana that Freddy Lounds would go unpunished for what happened to her.

“She is probably somewhat right about me. I can feel them inside my brain.” He looks out of the window as he says it. She will feel sorry for him because of that but it is also a bait for her to not be suspicious and angry.

“No Will she isn’t. Have you talked to Hannibal about it?” of course she would ask after the Alpha. In her head he is the salvation for every little problem poor Will has.

“No, not yet. Our next appointment is tomorrow.” Her replied.

“You should tell him about it. Freddy Lounds is a horrible, narcissistic person and as you know I don’t agree with Jack about your field work but I’m sure you’re nothing like those killers.” She tries to cheer him up. Unfortunately, she is wrong he is in the opinion of many people worse than those killers. He has killed countless people in his lifetime and most of them were terrified when he did.

“Thank you, Alana. It means a lot. I will talk to Hannibal about it. Its not like he would let me get away with it.” He replies with a small smile on his lips. She smiles back nodding.

“Of course, Will. Hannibal is really good at what he does” her reassurance is unimportant for him. He will try make it as quick as possible so the whole affaire is over and done with.

A knock on the door startles them both. When Alana called to enter no one else than Freddy Lound herself walked in.

“Hello, we haven’t been formally introduced Ms. Bloom. I am Freddy Lounds. I’m here to apologize about what happened.” The red-haired woman says looking straight at Alana. Her face seems apologetic, but her scent told Will that she didn’t care at all.

“I’m sorry Ms Lounds but I don’t really think that you should be here.” Alana answers voice hard and face emotionless.

“I understand that you are angry. I feel really guilty for what happened. You are a psychologist you understand how it affects someone when he or she is under pressure. He killed a Police Officer right in front of me.” She says trying to look guilty.

“I believe the things you wrote about Will were the reason for the visit you received. How do you explain your behaviour then?” Alana told her making it clear that the woman in front of her had no sympathy to get.

“Let me apologize for my behaviour back then. It was sloppy and misguided.” She tells them voice soft and eyes sincere.

“You told everyone I’m insane.” Will’s voice is cutting and hard. He looks at her with burning anger. How does this woman have no shame?

“I can undo that.” She tells him.

“You help me telling everyone I’m not a monster and I help you selling online-ad-sales?” he says with a smile in the corner of his mouth. While he looks down a wave of anger hits him from both directions. Alana is furious because Freddy is free of any reservation and Freddy is enraged because of Wills condescending joke. Alana does nothing to hide her anger while Lounds tries to smile. Its an ugly half smile that makes her beauty dimmish.

“I can undo what I said but I can also make it a lot worse.” She tells them and now it is Will whose pulse quickens. He knows that he shouldn’t say it, but he does anyway because he wants to see the fear in her eyes.

“Ms. Lounds, it’s not very smart to piss of a guy who thinks about killing people for a living” his voice is low, and he looks her directly in the eyes. He allows his iris to darken a bit so that she can see her face reflecting in them. Will can smell her fear and he knows that she has realised how dangerous he can be. He also knows that she will make him pay for it.

“Ms. Lounds I think it’s for the best if you leave now.” Alana says to her. The journalist leaves the room after nodding in her direction. After the door closes behind her Will feels Alanas reproachful look.

“You shouldn’t have done that. Jack will be furious with you, and I cannot say that I don’t understand why.”

It doesn’t take very long for Jack to read the article and like Alana said he really isn’t happy about it. He even tries to bring Hannibal into the story, but Will makes it clear that the doctor wasn’t even nearby.

During the night Will has another dream. He often dreams nowadays, something that doesn’t happen very often as his sleep is normally to light. This time it’s the same creature the Omega saw before.

The light of the setting sun paints the leaves in a yellowish light. He is in the middle of the woods again and a small breeze can be felt. The stag stands proudly in a clearing raising its head to acknowledge him. He can feel someone nearby. The hair in the back of his neck stands up. The presents nearby is familiar. A hand finds its way around his throat. Its strong and elegant. The scent that waves into his nose is Alpha. Will leans back relaxing into the embrace. Suddenly a sharp pain paralyzes him. Teeth in his neck and blood dripping down his back. When Will finally finds the strength to turn all he can see is red eyes and a bloody smile.

Will wakes up startled. His bed is full of his sweat and his curls stick to his forehead. He shivers and the urge to move is overwhelming. He rids himself of his clothes. When he looks outside, he can see that it's still dark. His skin feels like he has to crawl out of it, so he leaves the house. While he changes his head clears. The longer his limps get the quieter the voices in his head get. While his skin becomes black and his antlers grow, he runs into the woods. He breaths in deeply. The familiar feeling of leaves under his feed and clear air in his lungs calms him. In the dark of the night nobody is in the woods but even if someone where no human would be able to see him. He blends in effortless.

The night air is chilli, but Will doesn't even feel the cold. His body still overheated from the dream. He doesn't know how long he ran. All he knows is that he hasn't left the wood around Baltimore. The forest animals try to avoid him and when he finds a clearing much like the one in his dream, they fell silent. No birds can be heard, no hooves or paws, everything is silent. Its an unnatural sensation.

Will only feels his own heartbeat and just the scents of the woods enter his nose. It takes him a dangerous amount of time to recognise that he isn't alone. When he finally hears the second and third heartbeat it startles him. When he turns around blood red eyes shine through the darkness, watching him. He knows that he can't be recognised by scent or face as the magical device is still around his wrist and his features are distorted in this form. Nonetheless the other creature is an Alpha.

It takes Will another minute to finally recognise this other monster as Hannibal. His scent is drifting over together with the scent of blood. A human man is lying to his feed heartbeat getting weaker and weaker. Will counts his options. He could run but it will probably trigger the Alphas hunting instinct. He can't easily outrun the bigger creature.

While they look at each other blood is dripping from Hannibal's claws. He must have hunted today without any thought of displaying his victim. Will can see an amused and curious glint in the Alphas eyes. The look is crucial for Wills decision. While the Alpha is faster and stronger Will has been a wendigo all his live. Countless Alphas bevor Hannibal tried to overpower him with strength alone but never succeeded. Hannibal may be one of his own kind, but Will has learned how to be sneaky. He lowers himself a little trying to bring out his virtues as an Omega.

The reaction is immediate a strong scent of arousal waves over to him. Will lets his eyes take a shining golden glow and exposes his neck just a little bit. He waits. If the Alpha attacks he will strike as well. If he doesn't, he will wait. It isn't in his best interest to start a fight. Will askes himself if the other recognises him as the messenger and therefore as a potential mate or if he sees him as a threat without his natural scent. The next step of Hannibal decides how their future encounters will go as well.

It takes another few seconds for the Alpha to lower his eyes. He lifts his clawed hands and bumps them straight into the man's chest. A cracking sound could be heard as he breaks through the rips.

Another cracking noise and Hannibal hold the death man's heart in his clawed hand. He shuffles closer, making himself smaller as not to frighten Will. He stretches out the limp that holds the heart and offers it to Will.

After a second to assert the situation Will takes it. He looks at Hannibal and bites into the heart with his sharp teeth. As the still warm meat cotes his tongue Will decides that he will reveal his scent to the Alpha. When he finished the heart, he slowly changes into a more human form. Not enough for the other to recognise him but enough for him to remove the bracelet. His eyes never leave the Alpha for a second. The item cracks in his hold bevor its nothing more than trash metal.

Will can see the exact moment his scent hits the Alpha. His eyes are scarlet now and his breathing becomes heavy. The overpowering scent of want waves over to the Omega. Will decides that it is save now to play a bit with the Alpha. An offering is not taken lightly by his kind as it is the first step to a proper courting. Especially in their natural form the meaning is not to be mistaken. Even though Hannibal had brought him food in his Human form this was way more serious.

He smiles at the Alpha and runs. Will knows these woods and he will not go easy on the Alpha. Trees fly him by. He can hear the featherlight movements of Hannibal behind him and makes a sharp turn as he gets closer. They pass trough a stream and for a short moment Will doesn't know Hannibal's exact location. The Alpha uses this moment to tackle him. He almost has Will pinned down, but the Omega bites his flank and pushes him off while he is distracted. The Omega Wendigo hears a low growl behind him. Hannibal is pleased.

It takes the Alpha another round through the trees before he can corner Will against a large stone formation. His arousal his plain in his scent. His large frame presses Will against the stone mindful this time of the Omegas teeth. Will softens in his hold. The Alpha purrs satisfied lowering his nose to the Omegas neck.

They are pressed against each other. Soft noises coming from the Alpha as he scents Will to his hearts contend. Will squirms in his hold after a while earning him a growl and teeth against his mating glands softly pressing in. The Omega goes very still before he starts growling dangerously. The Alpha has not yet proven himself to be a good mate.

Hannibal loosens his hold and runs his tongue over a less sensitive part of Wills throat. It pleases the Omega to know that the Alpha listens to him. Others hadn't and paid it with their lives. The Doctor recognises him as a dangerous creature in his own right.

Hannibal presses his arousal against Wills smaller frame and stills asking for permission. The Omega isn't yet in heat so no consequences should come out of their adventure. He presses his own body closer to the Alpha and sniffs at his neck.

It doesn't take long for the Alpha to spin the Omega around. He licks Wills throat to his heart content as if he was an especially appetizing course. Will can feel slick running down his tights. He is more than ready for the Alpha.

Their combined scent permitting the air. The aroma of cognac with a flowery bouquet, the fresh scent of bergamot mixed with clean forest air and dark chocolate with the sweet taste of pomegranate. Together it made Wills head spin and a pleased purr from the Alpha made it clear that he also liked the fragrance.

With one eager trust Hannibal enters Will. He lets out throaty sound. It had been way to long since he let anyone close enough for this. With small slow trust Hannibal started to move. His clawed

hands holding Will in place scratching him. Will can feel small amounts of his own blood on his skin. In this form coupling isn't as sensational as in their human form but the primal need also has its perks in Wills opinion.

The scent of his blood making Hannibal's member twitch inside the Omega. He picks up the pace hammering into the smaller man. Its animalistic and their baser instincts take charge. Slapping sounds are heard. Again, and again the Alpha enters the Omega. Dominates him all to aware that it's only possible because the Omega allows it. Hannibal sinks his teeth into the willing flesh just a few centimetres short of Wills mating glands. The Omega gasps for air as he is pushed closer and closer to his release.

When the Alpha retreats his claws a little and pumps Wills cock rhythmic to his trusts the Omega can't hold on any longer. He comes all over the stones leaving claw marks on them. While Will is still shivering with his own orgasm his inner walls confine the Member of the Alpha and Hannibal comes shortly after inside the Omega. He still has his teeth in Will.

The Alpha pulls his teeth out of the Omega and starts lapping up the blood. They both know that by tomorrow morning all the evidence will disappear. No scars will be left behind. The only thing leaving a mark on their bodies will be the mating bite. Will starts purring and leans into the caress of the other creature. It takes the Alpha a while to let go off the Omega. Hannibal knows that the other will not let him take him home. It bugs the Alpha to know that the Omega will not smell of him for very long.

It is a very foreign feeling. The possessiveness that unfolds in him. He can't supress a growl and Will tries to soothe him with a purr and a caress. He knows what it is that torments the Alpha. He wouldn't have though the other man to be easily attached but it seems that he is also just a slave to his instinct.

As they part ways Will is concerned that the Alpha will try to follow him home, so he takes a route that leads away from Baltimore. To his surprise and annoyance, the Alpha takes the hint very fast. When Will finally arrives back at is house the sun is already rising. After changing back into his human form, he puts another magical item on that he hides in the barn and opens all the windows in the house to not leave any trace of his natural scent. Then he visits his shower and feeds his dogs.

During his next appointment with the Doctor Will makes sure to keep as much distance as possible. Hannibal is Handsome in both forms and Will is sure that he can't see or smell any evidence of their last encounter. Nonetheless he keeps away. Not that Will didn't enjoy their last encounter, but Hannibal still doesn't know that Will is the Omega he is courting.

He stays firmly in his seat and lets his gaze wander during their conversation. Hannibal tells him something about Stammets and his fascination with mushrooms. They philosophize about the killer and compare them with the others they have encountered. The whole time Hannibal's gaze doesn't leave Will. The Omega isn't sure if the Alpha has somehow recognized that he is the creature from the woods or if he is just fascinated with how Wills mind works.

Will is relieved when the session is finally over, and he can leave. The scent of the Alpha is too beguiling for him. Hannibal holds his hand a little bit to long during their farewell. All together the

encounter made his skin itch, and he recognises that he has slicked a little bit.

In front of the door sits a woman. Hannibal's next patient. Her oval face is beautiful, the cherry red lipstick caresses her mouth. Her hair is a cocoa colour and put together in a strict braid. She isn't much shorter than Will and definitely human. The expression in her eyes show a darkness that Will hasn't see in a while. She seems to be in pain. Her ice blue eyes look at Hannibal challenging. She will not let him or anyone else break her. She is a survivor.

Will leaves the office but lingers long enough to hear the name of the woman. When he leaves, he sends a quick massage to his friend Aethel. She still has something to make up to him.

Will off course doesn't leave for home. He knows that his dogs can exist a little longer withouth him and he still has an invetation to answer. It is time to make the next move in their little game.

He drives over to his second house in Baltimore. Its just a insurance that he likes to use. The house isn't on the name Will Graham and can't be traced back to him on paper in any way. He normaly uses the house that is under the name Wilhelm Mayer for his illegal business. Mayer is a businessman from Germany who only uses the house for vacation and business trips to America. Most of the neiboughts mind their own business and are used to the house beeing used only sparringly.

Will stores his human meat there and since last time his equipment for the displayes. The cellar is expanded as a butchery. A cold storage as well as other items he uses for the flesh. Just in case the whole thing is soundproofed and Will uses a magic device Aethel gave him to influence the perception of the neighbors so noone can descripe him.

He might be paranoid but after the witch trials he was carefull. He had seen to many crazy things humans would do to just go about his business withouth a care.

He has allready decided on his next display. The humans he would use are allready in his storage. This time he took man that didn't resemble him or the Alpha as much but had the right frame for his work. He had bought the items he needed for the display over the course of the last week in different locations.

When he arrived in the basement he could hear small whimpers of pain. Both man were still alive and had been feeded. He usual wasn't one for prolonged keeping but for what he had in mind it was better if the meat was fresh. They begged and whined but Will killed them withouth mercy. He took the organs he needed and packed them away.

After preparing everything he packed up and loaded everything in a separate car that also had no connection to him. While driving he imaganed the scenery and got through the process step by step again. He parked a little bit away from the location and waited. He had to wait for the right moment. The location wasn't usually much frequented now but he still had to be carefull and pass up the right moment.

Will had carved out the eyes of one of his victims. He prepared him first. Then the other one afterwards. When he was ready he took a step back and admired the view. Yes indeed this was the right place for his work. He couldn't wait for Hannibal to see it.

He made sure that Miss Lounds would be informed first of the scene and drove home. It wouldn't take long for Jack to call him.

Not even two hours later he was called by Jack. Jack had informed him that Hannibal was already at the scene and Will took this information as a signal for the next step of his plan. He didn't drive straight to the location of the crime scene. Instead, he made a detour. He drove over to Hannibal's house. He parked a couple of streets away to be save and then used the shadows and his darker form to enter the house of the Alpha.

While the outside of the house reminded him of his dream a couple of weeks ago, the inside was a whole different thing. Everything was modern. Hannibal seems to like his strong dark colours. The dining room was what Will searched for. He has taken off the device that blocked his scent and created a trail to the room. On the Table he placed the present he had prepared for the Alpha. Then he left.

While driving to the crime scene he enjoyed the possibilities that had opened. The next step belonged to the Alpha and every scenario made Will more exited. When he final arrived at the crime scene the first thing he saw was a young couple who no doubt had encountered the scene. The girl was shaking at her boyfriend looked out of it. They almost made him feel sorry.

When Will entered the scene everyone seems to avoid Jack. The FBI Agent walks with strict steps over to Will. Hannibal stands next to the couple being displayed at the platform. He doesn't seem to be able to take his eyes from them. It pleases him immensely.

"Will what took you so long? Seems like you're running later more often." Jack tells him. He walks away without waiting for the answer and only turns around when they stand in front of the scene. "What do you see?"

"As Doctor Lecter surely has told you already it is another Messenger murder." Will says. The bigger one of the two death man sits on a bench. He is wearing evening attire. The suite is expensive and other than the label not traceable. He looks good with the dark blue suit. He has a blood-coloured blindfold over his removed eyes. In his hands sits a package also in the colour of the blindfold the lid with the ribbon sits next to him on the bench. It looks as if he had just opened it. The white paper inside is only seen underneath the pedals of the rose-coloured gladiolus. On top one can see the expensive paper of a card. It is white and has golden ornaments that have the form of circular patterns. The scripture says, 'per la prossima volta'.

The other man with a smaller frame leans over the other one. His arms are wrapped around the other from behind. A smile is on his lips and his eyes are fixed on the present. They seem like lovers connected in a loving embrace. The smaller man seems a bit out of place only because of his clothes. He is wearing a revealing tunic. It could have been from the goddess Aphrodite herself. On his upper arms a golden bangle in the shape of a snake and around his neck a wide neckless also in gold.

The two men seem from different times. A little out of place but a pair, nonetheless. They overlook Baltimore by night as if it was their kingdom. The whole scene was constructed with the uttermost care and Will could see in Hannibal's face that he understood the massage he had received.

Will had to supress a purr. This was not the right time or place for the little endearment. He closed his eyes and walked around the scene like he would do any other time. When he finished, he looked

up to Jack.

“This is the first one. He wanted to thank the other messenger for the gift and gave one back himself. I don’t know what the card says but everything here says that it will probably happen again. I guess that the press was informed this time as well. It might take some time but the other will surely response to this.”

“You are right Hannibal told us that it is Italian and says something like ‘see you next time’ whatever that means. What do you know about the killer?” Jack presses.

“He had no regard for the victims. He killed them slowly to preserve them. He took some organs again. I don’t know what he did with them maybe they are a trophy. All that mattered to him was for the other one to receive the massage. He didn’t just stumble over this place he knew he had time to prepare and did what he had to.” Will answers.

“Will is right its not about these people they are probably without a connection to the killer and as they look different then the others it was only to paint this picture for the recipient.” Hannibal jumps in. He looks at the victims again and Will can smell and feel the appreciation radiating of off him. He wonders how he will feel once he sees what he has gifted him.

“There must be something. They always kill two at a time. Tell me something Will.” Jack almost screams at Will.

“Jack, they do this to express themselves. If we don’t find anything on the scene or if they haven’t made a mistake, it will be very hard to catch them.” Will tries to reason but Jack just runs off. He starts giving orders to the scientist team as soon as he left them. He seems even more unsettled by the scene than usual.

“it’s curious, isn’t it? Two killers massaging each other through their killings. What could be their reason?” Hannibal askes behind Will.

“Yes, I have never seen this before. I wonder what the end of it will be.”

“It seems to me that they don’t have any connection and try to get in contact in this way.” Hannibal looks straight at Will his Maroon eyes bore right trough him. Will feels a shiver. They haven’t been able to face each other in the woods as they were in their more Primal state at that time, but Will wonders how it will feel if they had been in their human form. Would Hannibal look at him piercing or would he devour him?

“It seems to me that way too. They must know that the other is able to see the scene so maybe it is someone from the investigation team or maybe someone that reads Freddys Website. But how do they know the other can see it?”

“It’s a question I have ask myself. You’re right it could be either of both, but it doesn’t make the circle of suspects much smaller.” Hannibal looks at the scenery and Will wonders if he thinks about his reply already.

They stand next to each other without saying a word. Each of them dwells on their own thoughts. The FBI is clueless and as Jacks gets angrier and angrier Will is amused. Two Killers, Two Monsters on the same investigation Team. Noone could have dreamt about it.

While the sun rises further up the sky Will turns to leave. He still has to get to the Hospital and drive Alana home. She had already texted him the time he had to pick her up. If she is a good girl for know he will let her live. If she isn't he will offer her heart to the Alpha.

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